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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

## NEW GUANO ISLAND.

The farmers of Maine have not yet used much guano in their operations. Some few experiments have been tried with it. A part of them were successful, but some of them were unsuccessful. The only sure knowledge, therefore, derived from these trials was—guano does not prove invariably beneficial in all cases. It is most probable, however, that in those cases where guano was used without benefit, the proper conditions for its action were not complied with, for it seems reasonable to suppose that a substance containing so many elements of fertility as genuine guano does, would always impart those elements to the crop when all the means for enabling it to do so were present. It is therefore probable that the failure was owing to a lack of knowledge of its requirements in the operator, rather than in the absence of fertilizing ingredients in the material. More experiments, therefore, are wanting, and they should be tried on the same spots where failure has occurred in order to detect, if possible, the reason why it did not act before, or does not act now.

One obstacle in the way of these trials being made by most farmers, is the great cost of the article. There are but few of us who would like to incur the expense of \$57 per ton for an article that we are not sure will benefit our crops. This great cost is owing to the demand for it in Europe, especially in England, where immense amounts of it are used by the farmer in the cultivation of wheat, grass, roots, &c., &c., the Peruvian government hitherto monopolizing the trade for it.

As this demand is so great, and the price so high, we were pleased to hear that a new guano island has been discovered. We hope, if this be true guano, that it will have a tendency to reduce the price somewhat to a more comfortable one for common farmers. These islands, according to the "Saturday Post," are in the Caribbean sea, and belong to the Republic of Venezuela. They are situated a little north of the equator, and only nineteen hundred miles from our chief Atlantic port; so that the cost of transporting will be trifling compared with the cost of bringing Peruvian guano from the Pacific Ocean. It is thought that there are at least five million tons. Some of it contains a large per cent. of ammonia, and, according to an analysis by Prof. Boettger, 78 per cent. of super phosphate of lime. This is a much greater percentage than we get from bone dust.

It is also reported that other guano islands have been discovered in the Pacific, which are not subject to the Peruvian government, and hence cannot be monopolized by them. This ought also to reduce the price.

## LAMBS.

A friend who is desirous of having a close, smooth, compact, grass field around his house, or in other words, wishes to have a neat lawn about his house, requests information in regard to the best kind of grass seed to sow upon it.

It has been found a good rule, we believe, to have a variety of grasses in such situations. We have seen a very close, smooth, and tough sward, or sod, made by nature suitable for such purposes. It consisted of red top grass, couch, or twitch grass, and white clover. As the seeds came up without any sowing by man, we cannot tell the proportions. If our friend has none of the twitch grass on his place, we should not advise him to introduce it, although it is in fact a first rate grass for grazing, or to make into hay, but a "hard adversary" in the garden or cultivated field.

The following, which we copy from the American Farmer, may be of service to our friend, although he must recollect that there is some difference between the climate of Maryland and that of Maine, for grass. Whether all the grasses which he names will be at home in Maine, we cannot tell, not having seen them all tried. It is said that the Kentucky blue grass, which he names, is the same as our spire or June grass.

"The following is the estimate of R. Sinclair, Jr., of Co., Seedmen, Baltimore, for a lawn of one acre. It includes those sorts only that are particularly fine and such as adorn the most beautiful parks in England and this country—viz: Crested Dogstail, 1 bushel; Sheep-fescue, 1 bushel; Hard-fescue, 1 bushel; Red Top, 1 bushel; Kentucky Blue Grass, 1 bushel; Perennial Ray Grass, 1 bushel; White Clover, 4 quarts.

The estimate is heavy for field sowing, but full light for lawns, thick sowing being requisite to produce a dense, compact and beautiful sod—price for above, \$9. To insure success, the soil should be rich, well-plowed and harrowed—sown immediately after the last harrowing or brush; afterwards roll the ground. For spring sowing, it is recommended to sow 1 bushel wheat or 1 bushel oats per acre, with the grass seeds, and when the grasses are fairly up, 1 bushel plaster per acre. Cut the grain when in flower, or after it has served to protect the young grass plants from the hot sun and weeds. Good lawn mixtures from same house can be had for \$5 per acre—also mixtures for pasture, hay, &c."

LAMBS FOR THE BUTCHER. Where lambs are designed for the butcher, it is best to have them dropped as early as March; and by feeding the ewes with good hay and plenty of succulent food—such as carrots, turnips, &c., the lambs will grow rapidly.

One! One hour gained by rising early, is worth one month in the year.

**GAS HOUSE LIME.**  
The subject of the real worth of gas house lime is yet a matter of discussion among farmers, and the question whether it be good for anything in Agriculture is variously answered. Some time ago we published sundry facts and experiments, going to prove that it was ultimately resolved into sulphate of lime, or plaster of Paris, and therefore no better if as good as that article. Edward Reynolds, of Maryland, states in the last number of the American Farmer, that he spread evenly 100 bushels of gas lime to the acre of grass land in the fall of 1855. He could see no improvement whatever during the ensuing year, nor after it was plowed in 1855, and planted to corn was there any perceptible improvement. Per contra, A. J. Willis in the same State, and in the same number of the Farmer, states that in the spring of 1854 he purchased 3000 bushels of gas lime, and applied it broadcast, after planting, on 100,000 hills of corn. The corn he says stood well while the bud worm, crows and insects destroyed other fields. This last spring he applied 5500 bushels with equal success on another farm.

Neither of these individuals state on what sort of soil they applied this kind of lime with such different results.

For the Maine Farmer.

## HORSES IN MAINE.

MR. EDITOR:—Your remarks upon "Horses in Maine," in the Farmer of the 20th instant, has induced me to submit the following reflections, figures and facts, upon the same subject, hoping that some of the readers of the Farmer may be benefited thereby.

When railways were projected, some ten or fifteen years ago, it is probable that the opinion of farmers was drawn into the channel of belief, that rearing of horses would become unprofitable for the want of demand; but it does not follow from these premises alone, that the extension of railways has increased the demand for, or enhanced the price of horses. The demand for horses is not caused by the demand for more horses than was used fifteen years ago, but because the number in market is greatly less. By the United States census for 1840, the number of horses and mules in New England was as follows:

Maine,	50,208
Massachusetts,	61,484
New Hampshire,	43,892
Connecticut,	34,650
Rhode Island,	8,024
Vermont,	62,402
Total,	209,660

In 1850, the number was	
Maine,	41,776
Massachusetts,	42,250
New Hampshire,	34,252
Connecticut,	26,928
Rhode Island,	6,169
Vermont,	61,275—212,650
Decrease of horses in New England	
in ten years,	57,010
Add to this the decrease in New York for same time,	26,566
Add the same ratio of decrease for the last 5 yrs. in the 6 States,	41,788
Total,	125,364

It is thus seen, notwithstanding the increased demand for horses and mules created by railroads, the number has decreased in fifteen years, one hundred and twenty-five thousand three hundred and sixty-four. If we suppose these horses to be worth only one hundred dollars each, it would require over twelve and a half millions to purchase them. If horses may be supposed to be worth what they sell for, then the six States above named are twelve and a half millions of dollars poorer than they were fifteen years ago, in this one item of production.

The very high prices paid for horses, is no indication that the present race of fast men more, justly appreciate the good properties in a horse, for speed and bottom than their predecessors. The ambition to possess the best, and the vanity to outdo others, in more costly articles, has more to do with the purchase of a three or five hundred dollar horse, than any extra quality the horse may possess.

If railroads have created a demand for fast horses, they have bid higher and paid dearer for fast men, a Balknap, a Schuyler, a Crane and a Tuckerman.

There is another cause for high prices, which has extended to other things beside fast men and fast horses, and which is very apt to be overlooked, even by those who think their look is short and their vision clear in such matters—the expansion of the currency. Within the last fifteen years the banking capital has increased, incorporated and private, near or quite two hundred millions of dollars; and for every dollar of banking capital is increased, credit is extended ten. The demand for capital to build railroads has depreciated the currency (business paper, book accounts, bonds, mortgages) to a greater extent than the advance in the price of commodities. Fast men are plenty, who, without the pressing need, like King Richard in the play, would promise a "kingdom for a horse."

Dec. 31, 1855. A GLENBURG FARMER.

**FARMER'S READING ROOM IN NEW YORK.** We see by the American Farmer that C. M. Saxton & Co., the enterprising publishers of agricultural and other books have established a "Farmer's Reading Room" at 140 Fulton Street, New York City. This room is supplied with all the Agricultural journals of the United States, and the best agricultural and horticultural Periodicals of England, France and Germany, and they tender the free use of them to all their friends. This will be a very convenient place for Agriculturists who visit the city, to drop in and look at the papers. When we next visit "Gotham" we shall certainly call at 140 Fulton Street.

**WATER FOR SHEEP.** Unless sheep have access to succulent food or clean snow, water is indispensable. Constant access to a brook or spring is best, but in default of this, they should be watered, at least once a day, in some other way.

**PLANTING CORN.**  
MR. EDITOR:—In conversation with a neighbor, a few days since, whom I know to be a good farmer, and who raises great crops of corn, he stated that he planted his corn in hills quite near together, keeping his rows apart for the cultivator, and that his corn would not suffer so badly as when planted farther apart. He also stated that he found it profitable in corn raising to plough in large quantities of manure, put manure in the hills, and plant near together, as above stated, and he could secure from 80 to 90 bushels to the acre, where he formerly raised not more than half as much. His land is a strong granitic soil and not remarkably dry, but he is successful in his crop, whether his theory is correct or not.

In regard to corn, will it sucker where there is a single stock grown in a hill than where there are several? My impression is that it will. In my boyhood I was taught to put the kernels pretty near together to prevent it from suckering. The land was sandy, the seed of the small variety, and planted early, all which may have something to do in the case. I should like to hear what some of your great corn raising readers have to say on this subject. N. T. T. Bethel, Dec. 27, 1855.

For the Maine Farmer.

## WINTERING DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

There is no great amount of labor to be done out of doors in this climate, during December. The most important labor of the farmer now is the care of his domestic animals, to see that they be well sheltered from cold and wet, and properly fed and watered. The year's profit or loss of the farmer, depends greatly upon the manner in which he winters his stock. The milk of the ensuing season, the wool, and the ability for labor, all depend, in a great measure, upon the care the farmer gives his cattle, sheep and horses, during the winter. The cultivator, some years since, most truly said—

"If there is one truth respecting animals, more deserving of remembrance than another, it is that the animal, entering the winter month in high condition, is already half wintered—that is, the care and food required to bring him out well and hearty in the spring will not be one-half as much as will be required by one that commences the winter spring-poor. A fat strong animal will be warm and comfortable where a poor weak one can hardly live, and the hearty vigorous one will digest and assimilate food which the weak one would scarcely taste."

Regular hours for attending to all matters important, but in no department of the farmer's business is it more important than in milking cows, foddering or feeding, watering and carding stock.

Cattle should be fed often, and but little at a time—say four times in the twenty-four hours, will keep cattle in better condition and at less expense than to feed but twice a day, being careful never to give them so much at a time that they will leave their feed before it is all consumed.

Cattle thrive better when their dormitories are kept clean and freely littered with dry leaves or straw, being mindful not to forget the frequent use of the card and currycomb. Cattle, horses and sheep, should have salt where they can have access to it whenever they desire it. A gentleman informed me that some years since he lost many horses annually, but since he commenced to salt his horses three times a week, or feeding on salt hay, he has lost none.

Sprinkling hay with salt dissolved in water, or salting hay too freely, is injurious, as over salting diminishes the nutriment, and weakens and keeps the animal too loose; but when they have free access to use or not, they are not apt to take more than nature requires.

Cutting provender, corn stalks, straw or coarse hay, is a great saving. When cut, it is all eaten; there is no loss of material. A good ulrich cow will tell her milker a good story, when well supplied with chopped corn stalks, or rye, or oat straw, wet and well powdered with corn ground with the cob or wheat straw, or buckwheat bran, and a little powdered oil cake. My cows increased their milk and flesh, and my sheep improved last winter, by Col. Jaques's mixture, which was two bushels of turnips cut fine, one bushel wheat bran, half a bushel powdered oil cake, with seven bushels cut hay, wet with ten gallons water—the mixture well stirred and intermixed, giving them as much as they would eat of it thrice a day, and once a day a feed of good English hay, with a tub of soft clean water to which they had access as often as they chose.

[Country Gentleman.]

**VALUE OF THE GRASS CROP.** Gov. Wright, of Indiana, in his recent address before the New York State Agricultural Society, says our grass crop is not properly appreciated. No crop, he says, approaches so near a spontaneous yield, and none yields so large a profit. The hay crop of the United States in 1850 was over 13,000,000 tons; that for 1855 he estimates at 15,000,000, which was worth \$150,000,000, while the whole cotton crop is valued at only \$128,000,000. Of this crop, more than half is produced by the four States, New York, which yields one-fourth of the whole, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The grass crop which is used for pasture, is at least as valuable; so that this single herb is worth annually over three hundred millions of dollars. Few people will believe that the grass crop of this State is worth more than its wheat, and yet statistics show that such is the case.

**RENTAL OF LAND.** In 1892 the rental of land was 10 millions, in 1770 it was valued at 16 millions, and the land was to be held by 280,000 persons. In 1815, the value of land at rental, found by assessment, exceeded 51 millions, and the holders were no more than 36,000. In 1842-3, an increase of 344 millions had occurred to the landholders, and the value was stated at \$94,816,269, including property in houses. A calculation has been made of the national losses, the device of the land tax. It is founded on Sir Robert Peel's estimate of the land at 62 millions. In the 78 years, from 1692 to 1770, the average rental was 32 millions; but from 1770 to 1847, the average was 66 millions. [London Farmers' Magazine.]

**WINTER MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP.**  
In the Patent Office Report for 1854, there is a valuable article on the "History and Management of the Merino Sheep," by Geo. Campbell, Esq., of West Westminster, Vt., from which we extract the following remarks on the winter management of sheep, which will be read with interest:

Much of the success of the wool-grower depends upon the winter management of his flock. Sheep are animals which pay their owners better for good care and keeping than any other stock usually kept on a farm; but if fed with a stingy hand, or neglected, if suitable conveniences are wanting, they pay perhaps as poorly as any. The annual loss to the United States, resulting from a want of suitable sheds and other conveniences for the winter accommodation of sheep, is immense. The promptings of self-interest would seem sufficient to induce our farmers to adopt a better system of winter management. No intelligent farmer at this day will attempt to deny the principle that warm enclosures are equivalent, to a certain extent, for food; a variety of well-conducted experiments have conclusively demonstrated the fact. A large proportion of food consumed in winter is required for keeping up the animal heat, and consequently, in proportion as the apartments are warm, within certain limits, the less amount of food will be required. The other extreme, too close apartments, would be objectionable from the impurity of the air, and should be avoided. Sheep have very little reason to fear injury from this cause. The majority of those in our State suffer for the want of shelter and a suitable quantity and variety of their winter food. Many flocks are brought to their quarters in fair condition, but are fed so sparingly that the growth of their wool is almost wholly arrested during the winter season, the fodder given them being only sufficient to sustain the vital functions. Under such circumstances the food consumed by them is in fact nearly lost. The owner has received no return in the increase of wool nor in bodily weight; and he will suffer farther from a large per cent. of actual deaths before the time of shearing.

With such a course of management the profits of wool-growing will necessarily be small. If neither self-interest nor the feelings of humanity will induce the farmer to provide properly for his dependent flock, he will find it for his advantage to keep some other domestic animal, and to know of nothing more suitable for such men than a hardy goat. While I protest against the starving system, it would seem hardly necessary to caution farmers against the opposite extreme, too high feeding, which is also detrimental to the health and long life of the animal. While preparing sheep for the butcher, high feeding is necessary and proper, but for store sheep and breeding ewes, an over amount of fat, produced by high keeping, is decidedly injurious; and, aside from the attending expense to produce this state of things, it has a tendency to shorten the lives of the sheep and enfeeble the offspring. The forcing system of feeding brings animals to maturity early, but is productive of premature death.

The proper and the most profitable mode of feeding, for breeding and store sheep, is that which will develop in them the highest degree of bodily vigor. Sheep fed in this manner would endure the fatigue of a long journey, while those high fed would fall from excess of fat, and the scantily fed, from muscular debility. Every wool-grower will find it for his interest to provide warm, capacious and well ventilated sheds for his flocks, with a convenient access to pure water. The feeding racks should be made with good tight bottoms, in order that the chaff and seed, the most valuable part of the hay, may not be lost. Such racks will also answer for feeding out roots and grain, and will avoid the necessity of having an extra lot of troughs for that purpose.

The different ages and classes of sheep should be properly assorted. This classification, however, must be left to the judgment of the breeder. The size of his flock, and his convenience for keeping will determine the extent of the classification. It will be necessary, in all flocks of considerable size, to place the strong and feeble in separate flocks. The breeding ewes should constitute another division, and so on with the lambs, keeping each class, and age by themselves.

In regard to the question, how often should sheep be fed? A difference of opinion among good managers exists. While one believes that twice a day is sufficient, another thinks it desirable to feed three or four times; but the most important point, I apprehend, is to feed regularly, whether twice, three or four times a day. The winter feeds, at present, hay twice, one day; the next, hay in the morning and straw at night, and so on, giving hay and straw alternately, instead of hay; and beside, a feed of roots and grain is allowed at mid-day, allowing a half bushel of corn and cob, or oatmeal, mixed with two bushels of roots, to the one hundred head. As sheep are fond of a variety of food, it is desirable to make as many changes as practicable. If allowed constant access to pine or hemlock boughs through the winter, it will be conducive to their health. Salt is equally as essential in winter as in summer, and should be kept constantly by them. Rock-salt, which is imported in large lumps, weighing from 20 to 50 pounds each, is the cheapest and best. Sheep are not liable to eat it in sufficient quantities as to ever injure them, as they can only get it by licking.

**INTERESTING DISCOVERY.** The Mount Alexander (Australia) Mail has the following account of an important discovery: "Mr. Thomas Golightly, miner, of Forest Creek, has, by chemical experiment, ascertained the fact that quartz is porous, and may be fused, and made subservient to manufactures and art. It is Mr. Golightly's intention to secure his process by patent. He professes his ability to obtain castings of quartz resembling china in transparency, and equalling in whiteness the purest alabaster, and to furnish the colony with quartz crockery to an extent only limited by the extent of the quartz reefs. The economical extraction of gold from quartz is among the chief features of Mr. Golightly's process."

## New Year's Address.

A NEW YEAR'S EXTRAVAGANZA FOR 1856: Being an Affectionate Appeal of the CARRIER OF THE MAINE FARMER To the Hearts of his Patrons, through the Medium of their Pockets.

Old Boreas comes from the Winter King, And frost, and ice, and snow he'll bring; The flowers are touched, and they wither up, The leaves are touched, they curl and drop. He looks on the gurgling brook, and lo! Their stifling waves cease to flow; He speaks, and howling winds go forth From the icy caves of the frozen North, And storms of sleet, and fleecy snow, O'er the whole earth careering go. Then Nature is hushed, nor shout, nor song, The startling echoes now prolong, From field, or grove no voice is heard Of bleating flocks or warbling bird. Men shivering, flee before his wrath, And gathering near the social hearth, Warm'd by its glow, and glad to enjoy The news that's brought by carrier boys; And you'll find it there, by all confessed, The old Maine Farmer's a welcome guest. And when old Sol, which every year A visit pays to Southern sphere, To spread the glow of summer light, O'er Chimborazo's snowy height, Returns, and with his cheering beams Unlocks the fettered frozen streams, Swells the young brook and starts the flocks, By frequent, gently falling showers, Shall vocal make the fields and groves, With lowing herds and cooing doves; With verdure clothe each dale and hill, And every heart with rapture fill. And sends the joyous ploughman forth— To mark with many a seam, the earth, And fit it for the springing seed, That gives the crop for man's great need. The husbandman at leisure hour Sits calmly in his rustic door, From rugg'd toil short time released, His team unyoked for noontide rest; He the "Maine Farmer," reads at ease, Briskful of articles that please. And when midway in heaven's vault, Sol's fiery steeds are made to halt, And pouring down his fiercest ray, Through all the liveliest summer's day, His sultry heat all earth pervades, The panting flocks seek cooling shades; The wilting herbs and drooping flowers Thirst for the cool refreshing showers; The fainting reapers leave their sheaves, And listen where the woodbine weaves, With quivering leaf, and twining stem, A grateful bower to shelter them. There, beneath the clustering vines, Each one with careless ease reclines, The last "Maine Farmer," some perchance, And some while listening take a snooze; But all with right good hearty will, The "Carrier's" pockets seek to fill With what some call "material aid."

By which Old Hunger's ghost is laid. And when, at last, brown Autumn comes, Bowed down with apples, pears and plums, With clustering grapes, and ripening corn At chilly eve, and frosty morn, Men the rich harvest gather in, To crowded garner, barn and bin; The jolly old "Maine Farmer" comes To all his happy harvest homes, Kind greeting gives, and tells them where For every crop best markets are; Who's raised the greatest crop of wheat, And who the best that can't be beat. Hasn't he been long for want of beer? Whose pig's the fattest, and whose steer Hasn't he been long for want of feed? Who's laid the biggest egg, and who Can boast of larger calves than you. Tells who the greatest prize has won At cattle shows, for handling stone, Who ploughs the best; whose trotting horse Can go two-forty o'er the course; Whose batter will most please the place; Whose wife can make the richest cheese. Nor here we stop, but oft record All news that's gathered from abroad. We tell you all about the war Between the Allies and the Car; How Dr. Kane, with chosen band, Had pitched their tents upon the strand Of that strange sea whose billows roll, 'Mid Arctic icebergs, round the pole; 'Ere when 'twas once foretold to flow, By Captain Symmes long ago. We give you all the current news, And how our Congressmen amuse Themselves, and all the nation's "fists," By playing the Kilkenny cats. What laws are made, and how they're broke By honest and dishonest folk. In short, 't would take too long a spell, To enumerate all the things we tell; So, Patrons kind, we wish you here The tallest—happiest kind of year— Enjoyment of all kinds, and health, And that degree of Agur's wealth He prayed for earnestly of old. Neither a lack, nor glut of gold;— That is the Golden mean I crave; Patrons, adieu.—"Long may you wake."

Ben slept on this, and next day he was master of a "farm" thirty rods wide and two and a half miles long. "I shall take the place, father," he said, "and carry it on; but not as you and grandfather, and his father did."

And though the old gentleman shook his head, and looked earnestly over the bridge of his spectacles at his son, Ben was as good as his word; forthwith he went to work in earnest. Spring came. Ben went into the old eight acre field and ploughed up one half of it. Upon this he had deposited the whole of the season's manure, that had hitherto for years been sparingly spread upon double the surface. He harrowed these four acres, and harrowed them carefully. Hoeing time came, and Ben had only one half the space to go over. Though the corn and potatoes looked finely, and the beets, the cabbages, and the carrots grew marvelously, the old man grew crusty, and declared "it wouldn't do," and that there wouldn't be roots enough. But Ben went right along his own way.

At his second hoeing Ben went into his four acres; but not with the hand hoe. He got some kind of a jimcrack (as the old man termed it) hitched to the old mare's heels, instead of hoeing his potatoes man fashion; he'd begun with his improverment; but that cultivator, as Ben called it, "wouldn't work no how."

Ben continued the use of the cultivator, however; the old gentleman continued to grumble, and the corn and potatoes continued to flourish. Ben Smith had gone over to a neighboring town early in the spring, and run in debt (Ben was the first Smith that ever did this thing) which he tugged the cattle to draw to the farm and with which he topped the meadow. Here was an innovation sure. And he had subscribed for a weekly too; what with his jimcrack of a "cultivator," his ashes and "book farming," the old gentleman was nearly crazed. It would never do to go on at this rate, said the old gentleman.

But the four acres of corn and potatoes and vegetables still grew finely. Never had the Smiths seen such corn, such potatoes and carrots. The grass came up thick and strong and thrifty, and the harvest time came round at last. The cattle had plenty of good feed, and they were fat, and sleek; the pigs were fat, the poultry was fat, the old horse was fat and Ben grew fat and jolly as he garnered his high corn, his big potatoes, his generous sized beets, and his great bright yellow carrots. Ben had found time during his evenings to read the agricultural articles in his newspaper, and to post himself in regard to the markets. Winter came. The good old father entered the barn. It was crammed with hay and corn-stalks and wheat and rye. The granary was loaded with corn, and Ben, who had been carefully taught to shell the cobs across the edge of the shovel, now stood beside another stupid machine, throwing in a bushel of ears at the top, while the big golden kernels rushed out in a constant shower at the bottom. Ben Smith had "squandered" six dollars (in cash) upon a corn sheller! "Ah, what is the silly boy coming to," exclaimed the venerable progenitor, as he sighed and turned to the barn again.

"Speaking of the exciting progress and improvements in agriculture," said he, "reminds me of an instance that occurred within my remembrance, which I will relate to you, if you are disposed to hear it." I thanked him, and he proceeded on nearly as follows:

Some forty years or more ago, a neighbor of mine in C., a Mr. Smith, occupied an immense tract of land, which he called a "farm." It was about thirty rods in width, and upwards of two miles in length; an old Indian grant, as it was termed; upon which he had been brought up a "farmer," and where his father and grandfather, and great grandfather, had lived before him.

Each generation of the Smiths that had dwelt upon this strip of land, had contrived to "farm it," each in the same old way, year in and year out, from father to son. The place had never known a dollar's incumbrance; scores of Smiths had been reared upon it, generation after generation came and passed away there, and the same carriages, and the same dilapidated old walls and shanties and decayed trees were still visible—almost the same furrow had been turned for a hundred years and more; when, as had been the custom of the Smith families on previous occasions, it finally came the turn of the occupant to resign grandfather's old place to his only son, Ben Smith, now come to thirty.

For five and forty years at least Ben's father had carried on this old farm. In all that long period, and regular as the year rolled round, so regular had Mr. Smith plowed up his eight acres, mowed all the grass that Providence would grow for him, pastured his ten sheep, reared his four head of cattle, fattened his three hogs, and wintered as many cows. But this was not all.

True, Mr. Smith had a great farm. He toiled like a trooper, from daylight to dark. He raised his own pork and corn (such as it was), his cattle and fodder, out from his own forest the wood that he burned; never owed any man a farthing. He contrived even to pay his own town and county tax. But, he was literally "even with the world," for he owed no one, and no one owed him a dollar. And so he lived up to seventy.

"Ben," said the old man to his son, one evening, as they sat before the winter's fire, "I'm getting old. I've worked pretty hard here, for a good many years, and I have concluded to give up. It's your turn now."

"My turn for what?" asked Ben. "To take charge of the farm, Ben. You're young, stout and healthy. I'm going to give up the homestead to you; and if you continue to labor constantly as I've done, and as your grandfather did, afore you—you can get a good livin' off on't as we have done. We can't take nothin' out of this world with us, Ben. Naked we came into it and so must go out. But the old place is free from incumbrance, there never was a dollar mortgage on it, and I hope there never will be. I shall give you the farm, free and clear to-morrow."

Ben slept on this, and next day he was master of a "farm" thirty rods wide and two and a half miles long.

"I shall take the place, father," he said, "and carry it on; but not as you and grandfather, and his father did."

And though the old gentleman shook his head, and looked earnestly over the bridge of his spectacles at his son, Ben was as good as his word; forthwith he went to work in earnest. Spring came. Ben went into the old eight acre field and ploughed up one half of it. Upon this he had deposited the whole of the season's manure, that had hitherto for years been sparingly spread upon double the surface. He harrowed these four acres, and harrowed them carefully. Hoeing time came, and Ben had only one half the space to go over. Though the corn and potatoes looked finely, and the beets, the cabbages, and the carrots grew marvelously, the old man grew crusty, and declared "it wouldn't do," and that there wouldn't be roots enough. But Ben went right along his own way.

At his second hoeing Ben went into his four acres; but not with the hand hoe. He got some kind of a jimcrack (as the old man termed it) hitched to the old mare's heels, instead of hoeing his potatoes man fashion; he'd begun with his improverment; but that cultivator, as Ben called it, "wouldn't work no how."

Ben continued the use of the cultivator, however; the old gentleman continued to grumble, and the corn and potatoes continued to flourish. Ben Smith had gone over to a neighboring town early in the spring, and run in debt (Ben was the first Smith that ever did this thing) which he tugged the cattle to draw to the farm and with which he topped the meadow. Here was an innovation sure. And he had subscribed for a weekly too; what with his jimcrack of a "cultivator," his ashes and "book farming," the old gentleman was nearly crazed. It would never do to go on at this rate, said the old gentleman.

But the four acres of corn and potatoes and vegetables still grew finely. Never had the Smiths seen such corn, such potatoes and carrots. The grass came up thick and strong and thrifty, and the harvest time came round at last. The cattle had plenty of good feed, and they were fat, and sleek; the pigs were fat, the poultry was fat, the old horse was fat and Ben grew fat and jolly as he garnered his high corn, his big potatoes, his generous sized beets, and his great bright yellow carrots. Ben had found time during his evenings to read the agricultural articles in his newspaper, and to post himself in regard to the markets. Winter came. The good old father entered the barn. It was crammed with hay and corn-stalks and wheat and rye. The granary was loaded with corn, and Ben, who had been carefully taught to shell the cobs across the edge of the shovel, now stood beside another stupid machine, throwing in a bushel of ears at the top, while the big golden kernels rushed out in a constant shower at the bottom. Ben Smith had "squandered" six dollars (in cash) upon a corn sheller! "Ah, what is the silly boy coming to," exclaimed the venerable progenitor, as he sighed and turned to the barn again.

The old man examined the harvesting. There was more hay in the mows than ever before. The corn had turned out grandly. There was everything in profusion, and only half the eight acres had been tilled! Ben pointed to this gratifying result, and his father only shook his head, and said, "Ben, you have been lucky; you've had a remarkable season. Things have grown finely. A very forward season, Ben, very."

Ben Smith, Jr. only smiled at this. He continued to read his paper, subscribed for another! paid for both, (ah, what extravagance!) and winter passed glibly away.

He killed off the old razor backed grunter that had been bred upon the ancient farm from time immemorial, and bought six improved Suffolk—instant of the three alligators that had previously been annually tolerated on the Smith place.

The superannuated cow, "with the crumpled horns," were turned into beef, and a brace of shining North Devon supplied their place. A subsoil plow found its way into the yard one morning early in the spring, and a "new-fangled" harrow followed this. Then came a new patent churn, then a capital straw-cutting, then more "nasty ashes," then a seed drill—and "there was no end," (said Ben, senior) "to the infernal machines that Ben, junior, cluttered up the place with!"

Ben had been no idler, meantime. He had drawn into the cowyard two hundred loads of pond mud the previous fall. He got plaster and crushed bones and mixed with it, and when February came, it was heaped out generously upon the four acres again. Everything went on smilingly, and at haying time the "cup-shed" of machinery arrived!

"What on earth is that?" asked the old gentleman, as Ben put his team before a new horse rake. Ben laughed outright, and asked his respected dad why he didn't read the papers! But his father said, "he had no occasion, he knew enough!"

Again the old barn creaked under their generous harvest of hay, and grain, and vegetables, and again the old man looked and sighed, and declared that "the season had been remarkable, very!"

Ben hadn't room to stow away two-thirds of his year's produce! But his hay was excellent, his potatoes were noble ones, his carrots, beets and onions were splendid; he had surplus rutabagas by the cord, and turnips and squashes, and cabbages by the ton, all of which readily found a good market three miles distant. Nobody believed it, (at first), but all these fine products really came from the old Smith farm.

When the snow and sleet rattled around that ancient mansion that winter, Ben owed no man a dollar, his barn and bins and cellars were well filled, and he had three hundred dollars in clean cash on hand! Here was a fortune.

"Verily, Ben," said his parent, "you have been lucky, and the seasons have been favorable!"

The elder Smith has been gathered to his fathers. Benjamin Smith, Jr., Esq., is now a man of solid substance, a justice of the peace, and a farmer of forty years in good standing. He knows the difference between partial and thorough cultivation; he can tell you the benefits of subsoil ploughing and shallow furrow; he can











